

# I'll Own You Forever

by Free Flying Bird

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Summary: Two children become friends, one a boy who is a starting killer while the other is just a curious girl looking up to the wrong person. While children now they grow closer then anyone thought possible. What will happen as they age, what will happen when that boy is locked up and the girl is forced to move on? What will happen when he is free and finds her and then owns her?

## 1. Chapter 1: Starting to Fall

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything from Halloween.\*\***

**\*\*This is my first story and I just wanted to try writing a Halloween story with my own thoughts. Any reviews would be nice if you feel I need to clear something up I will do my best to let you inside my head. I will try my best with Michael's side and hope to not disappoint anyone. :)\*\***

A small girl of about seven years of age hid behind a tree with her hands covering her mouth trying to be quiet. Her long black hair slightly disheveled from running, her breathing was erratic while she tried to calm herself and make her breathing even although she couldn't stop her heart beat from sounding like a jack hammer, her heart beating fast like that of a humming birds wings. A snap of a twig sounded from behind the tree a little to her left and the girl let out a surprised squeak before quieting herself once again. With curiosity she turned as quietly as possible to the left while grabbing at the tree to steady herself, her fingers dug into the grooves of the bark while she poked her head out slightly to see if she could spy on who or what had made the sound. Before she had a chance to look someone came from the right of the tree and tackled her from behind shoving her into the dirt, with a startled scream she fell onto the ground by the tree before she hit her head against an exposed root.

With a small but quick cry the girl turned to glare at the boy and

exclaimed loudly, "Ow, Michael that hurt!"

Quickly the weight on her back was gone and she was grabbed by her shoulders and slowly pulled up from the dirt and the same hands maneuvered her to sit down while a boy around the age of nine shoved his hands into her hair to see where her head had been struck. Michael examined her forehead where a slight bump was already starting to form though there was no cut so he assumed it would only bruise. He gently rubbed the dirt from her pale face trying to be gentle.

"I'm sorry Sylvie, I was only trying to scare you." , the boy spoke softly and while his voice sounded concerned his face seemed fairly emotionless to anyone who was looking.

Sylvie had no tears in her eyes when her startling bright blue eyes looked up into Michael's dull blue ones, she stared for the longest time before she spoke again, "It's ok, it just means you'll have to be it again." She gave a mischievous smile to him before she jumped at Michael and shoved him to the ground and sat atop him with a smirk on her face while she told him, "but first I have to go home for dinner...can we play tomorrow?"

Her words were hopeful as she pleaded at him with her eyes to say yes. Michael nodded his head once without a second thought and Sylvie squealed with delight jumping off Michael running in circles around him laughing in joy. Michael watched her in amusement before he heard yelling coming from the park behind them, they hadn't gone far from the playground but as Sylvie had said it was time for her to go home.

>Jumping at the sound of her name being hollered Sylvie sadly glanced at where her babysitter was and sighed at how Janet only scowled and tapped her foot impatiently for Sylvie to hurry up and get over to her.<p>

Sylvie quickly went to Michael and hugged him since he had sat up to walk with her whispering into his ear, "can you sneak in tonight?"

They both heard Janet yelling for Sylvie to step on it, but Michael put his hands around Sylvie to squeeze her tightly around the waist and nodded his head before saying, "just remember to leave your window cracked open."

Sylvie squeaked with happiness before pulling out of Michael's arms and running to Janet who by that time was fairly upset with having to wait while she yelled at Sylvie, "What the hell?! When I call you that means you need to move your ass you little twerp, if you keep this up I won't take you to hang out with that freak Myers kid again. God you're lucky I need the money or..."

Rolling her eyes Sylvie listened half heartedly as Janet went on a rant and she followed her babysitter home which was a block over from the park and also happened to be three houses down from Michael's own home. Sylvie turned back while she was walking to look at Michael and wave good bye to him for now, with a knowing smirk on her little lips.

Michael waved back to Sylvie just as she and her babysitter had made it out of the park's gate and he stood there till he couldn't see

Sylvie any longer as she and Janet went around a house and onto their street. When she was gone he went to the tree where Sylvie had been hiding and grabbed his clown mask from the dirt where he had tackled Sylvie and dusted off the dirt to show how well worn it was with the paint cracking and it being faded in certain areas.

He used his hands to push his dirty shoulder length blond hair back from his face, his fingers slightly tangling into knots from his unkempt hair. Michael then placed the clown mask on his slightly pudgy pale face closing his lids when it was in place and breathed in softly as if enjoying the feel of it, hiding behind his mask feeling as if he didn't have to be him anymore that he was someone better than himself. It was power to be someone other than himself or rather to believe he was someone better and stronger.

When Michael opened his eyes he saw the park in a new light with a sense of control about him. He decided it was time to go home for dinner as well, to see Boo and his mother at least would be worth it, though seeing his sister Judith and his mother's boyfriend Ronnie would try his patience entirely. Michael left the park and on his way home he passed by Sylvie's house first and he saw that Janet was leaving so he stopped on the side walk to stare at her while the babysitter walked down from the porch digging in her bag for God only knew what.

>As Janet reached the end of the houses walk way to the side walk she felt as though someone was in front of her and when she looked up she jumped and pulled her hand from her purse and put a hand over her heart with a start.<p>

"God Michael you scared the shit out of me" ,her voice was breathy as she looked at him waiting for a response.

>Michael only tilted his head every so slightly to the right as he stared at her through the holes of his mask. He eyed her face and how her nostrils were flared and her eyes were wide with fear, he then looked down to where her hand covered her heart and just stood there unmoving. Janet only grew annoyed as she didn't get a response, she hated Michael Myers because when she had to watch over Sylvie in a way she had to also deal with him as well with him always waiting for Sylvie or following them, he had even been there waiting at a few destinations when she had known for a fact that it had been a spur of the moment trip when she was in a good mood and decided to treat Sylvie.<p>

"Hey freak are you going to move? I don't have time fo..." ,before she could finish Michael turned and walked down the street past the last three houses before getting to his own home, without so much as a backward glance to Janet and he entered his home. Janet hadn't realized she had been staring at him walk all the way till a car drove by and she seemed to have snapped herself out of the daze she found herself in. She only shrugged her jacket closer about her before taking a tighter hold on her purse and turned in the opposite direction to go wait at the bus stop for her ride home.

## 2. Chapter 2: The Back Story

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything from Halloween.\*\*

\*\*Sylvie\*\*

Dinner had been a sad attempt at pretending to get along for Sylvie's family, as an only child she had no one to look up to or protect her when her parents grew cold and bitter to each other. Halfheartedly her mother had tried to make dinner with consideration in mind for each person, but of course her father only gave snide comments for how much it separated their family that they couldn't share a meal that was all the same. It didn't make much sense to Sylvie if she had chicken nuggets and macaroni or if her dad had a steak with potatoes and corn or even that her mother only had a salad. Wouldn't it make sense to eat things you like?

"No of course Ally have another glass of wine that will help us get this marriage back on track" her father spoke rather rudely as he sliced into his steak making loud and annoying scraping sounds on the plate which made Sylvie wince and her mother scowl.

Her mother only swirled the red wine around in her glass before setting it down on the table for a moment though she kept a tight grip on it talking with a slight sigh to her words, "I wouldn't need so much Henry if you would just show me any interest at all. How else am I supposed to deal with day in and day out of you just stuffing your face and then rolling over in bed with no affection to me?"

"Oh wow Ally right in front of the kid, what class I think you've had enough of that shit." Henry had a bitter tone to his voice as he stood to take the bottle and glass from Sylvie's mother.

Henry was a fairly tall man being six feet and slightly muscled, nothing overly done but enough to show that he probably did just enough working out to keep his beer belly from protruding. Sylvie had gotten her blue eyes from her father, but not the brightness in them they assumed that her eyes would lose their eerie glow when she grew older. Sylvie didn't have many features besides the blue eyes from her father and had gotten her pale skin and black hair from her mother, as well as her tiny stature and small nose. She still had some time to grow, but from looking like the runt with all the other kids she may not make it past five foot while her mother was five feet and an inch in height.

Ally only stood and snatched her glass with her before tripping on the chair and dropping the wine glass to the floor before catching herself on a near by counter. The glass shattered and glittered in the kitchen's low light before settling with a tinkling sound, the wine splashed on the floor and spread the glass out a bit before settling in what looked like blood in the low light. With a curse her father stepped around the shattered glass and back handed Ally across the face so hard Sylvie's mother cried out and smashed into the counter bruising her side terribly, Sylvie only stared without a word not wanting to be next.

"FUCK Ally what the fuck is wrong with you?!" Sylvie's father only fisted his hands while yelling before reaching out to grab Ally by the hair and ripping her away from the counter though she made a poor attempt to grab at the corners she was near him in a second, his other hand pointed to the mess on the floor.

"Let go Henry, let me go or so help me I will fucking call the police this time. I swear...oh fuck my mouth is bleeding." Her mother had one hand on Henry's where he refused to loosen his grip on her hair

and the other went to her mouth where blood was slowly dribbling free from a gash on her lip and then spilled onto her hand rather quickly.

With anger, Henry let Ally go and shoved her away so she had to blindly grab for the kitchen counter while stumbling backwards. His nostril's flared in anger before he shut his eye lids and sat back down at his chair for a moment and put one arm to rest on the dining table and the other moved to rub the bridge of his nose.

"God Ally, can't we just have a nice dinner for once without your drinking habits?" he let out a sigh and looked up to see his daughter with wide eyes across the table from him and he scowled a bit before speaking softly to her, "Sylvie, hunny, why don't you go to bed early tonight - mommy and daddy need to have a talk. You can watch some cartoons on your little TV before you go to bed sweetie." Henry tried to make up for what she had seen and heard, but God knows the child's memory would last for a life time with this.

Sylvie looked from her mother who ignored her daughter to clean up her lip with a near by dish cloth and then Sylvie turned to finally look to her father before she nodded slowly and grabbed her half eaten plate and her cup of milk and headed for the stairs, though not even half way up she could already hear her parents start fighting again with another smack and a whimper from her mother while Ally screamed at Henry to back off.

Walking into her room Sylvie ran to put her food and drink on her nightstand before going over and shutting her door quickly with a loud click, she then made her way to her dresser and pulled off her shirt and pants to put on a nightgown, jumping when a knock on her window had her spinning so fast she almost fell. Though she caught herself and stumbled a little as she walked past her bed to where a form in a clown mask crouched on the edge of the roof behind the window pane, Sylvie gave a small smile before slowly working at pushing the window up before Michael grabbed the bottom of the window and pulled it up fairly easily and then jumped into the room forcing Sylvie to step back.

Sylvie shoved her tiny body at Michael's form and hugged him tightly and without hesitation Michael pulled Sylvie into a tighter hug and ran a hand up to her hair to pet it softly before pulling back to see Sylvie wince in pain.

"What's wrong? Did I hug you to tightly?" ,his voice was concerned and now that they were alone his face showed his concern while he pulled out of Sylvie's small arms.

Sitting very carefully on the floor Sylvie pulled her foot up as close as she could to her face and her eyes grew large and she spoke very quietly, "I-I'm bleeding."

Quickly Michael went over to her night stand and turned on a lamp before going back to sit near Sylvie and pulling her foot into one hand and the other hand shoved his mask off so hard it flew to the ground by the bed without a sound. He examined her foot and found a piece of glass sticking slightly out of her foot with blood flowing slightly down her heel. "It's some glass, hang on I can pull it out." Michael used his fingers while slowly and carefully pulling the small piece out and then walking to the window and threw it out into the

night.

"They were fighting again and mom dropped a glass cup, I guess I didn't notice I had stepped on it till I got up here...thank you Michael." Sylvie looked up to Michael and saw him picking up his mask with one hand before helping Sylvie up with the other and then into the bed not minding the blood.

"It's ok, want me to get your TV on for you?" he gave her a small smile when she nodded and he went, turned on the little tube TV her parents had put in her room when they had gotten a new one for their bedroom. The TV already on her cartoon channel it flashed in black and white as a show started with a cat chasing a mouse in circles.

>He climbed up onto her bed with her and sat next to Sylvie with his back to her head rest while Sylvie grabbed her food and offered him some though Michael shook his head no signaling he was full before Sylvie started eating. Though Sylvie did jump when a crash from down stairs sent up another round of shouts from her parents.<p>

Sylvie looked up to Michael and spoke softly, "I wish my dad would stop hitting her..."

Michael tilted his head slightly before looking down at her legs and pulled her night gown up past her knees where a large hand print rested on her left thigh and he then placed the cloth back where it was speaking some what angerly, "Also you...I don't want him hurting you."

Sylvie only watched what he did before she nodded and continued to eat her food. She finished all to soon and then finished off her milk before placing them back on the night stand and then lay down and rested her head on Michael's hip to watch the show while he pet her hair with one hand. She didn't cry but she spoke with shaken words, "I hate him Michael...I wish he wasn't around anymore...I wish...wishing doesn't help, I should know that by now."

**\*\*Michael\*\***

With his hand fisted Michael continued to pet Sylvie's hair with his other hand to soothe Sylvie while inside he raged in anger at how she was treated. It was similar to what was happening at his house. He and his little sister Angel had to put up with Ronnie's bull shit non stop, Ronnie was abusive to his mother when he wasn't broken himself which was almost always though that didn't stop Ronnie from screaming and hollering at the top of his lungs at all of them. Ronnie was the reason Michael had been waiting at Sylvie's window so early since he had chased Michael out with a broken bottle and curses while Michael's mother screamed at Ronnie to leave her son alone.

When ever his mom tried to help him get away Ronnie only got more pissed, but no, he never really beat her since she was occasionally a strong woman and with Michael's mom usually it was more of a shouting and cussing match then any beating, but especially how can a bruised woman do her job if she looked like what the cat dragged in and no one wanted to see that. So Michael filed it away where his fantasies reined and his mind could do what ever he wanted to Ronnie and also to Sylvie's father, what Michael wouldn't give to make the man pay for the things he did to Sylvie.

Michael wasn't blind to what was going on when he played with Sylvie and she would climb or stumble and when she wore a dress that would ride up or a too big shirt that would fall off her shoulder and he would see the big hand printed bruises on her tiny body and the rage inside Michael would escalate to it's breaking point.

She belonged to him, he knew that she did and he would protect what was his. He knew since she had come to play with him ever since they were tiny and she would beg her mother to take her to his house. He had even acted the same way with his mom and that surprised her since his mom couldn't find much to interest him really. Though only their mothers got along and that was fine with Michael since he didn't give a shit what his mom's boyfriend thought or even what Sylvie's father thought of it.

Judith wouldn't really baby sit when they went to his house, but that was ok since Sylvie and him mostly watched TV or played with his rats which he showed Sylvie how he cut them properly so they would bleed out quickly before flushing the bodies so he wouldn't be found out. Michael knew Sylvie wouldn't tell on him, she always watched and let him do all the work without questions. In truth, Sylvie always watched when he killed animals and he was sure she didn't take pleasure in killing them, but she didn't flinch and try to run away either. Almost like she had sick fascination with it and that was fine with him, he wanted to show her what he could do and what power he held.

One time they had snuck up to Judith's room when her door was cracked open and they had seen Judith and Steve making out and while Michael felt something inside him he noticed that Sylvie only watched with a slight interest. When they went back to his room they had kissed on the lips with Michael's insistence while staring at each other in the eyes, though nothing else had happened he felt that their bond had somehow changed with that kiss although they didn't know what it meant, they just imitated what they saw.

"I'll take care of you Sylvie, don't worry I'll make you safe," Michael glanced down to see a sleepy eyed Sylvie looking up to him before she nodded a few times. "Sleep little Sly, I'll watch over you for a while..."

Michael watched as Sylvie fought to keep her eyes open, but eventually she couldn't keep her eyes open any longer and her lids closed for good with her breathing soon deep and even. Watching her for a while longer Michael continued to pet Sylvie's hair before he looked up to watch the show end with the mouse atop the cat cheering at beating the cat once again. Michael could only smile as he saw the out come, soon he would be that mouse on top, soon Sylvie would no longer suffer and he would make her safe.

Looking down at Sylvie again he squeezed his hand in her hair slightly before whispering, "Mine..."

### 3. Chapter 3: Don't Hurt What is Mine

**\*\*Disclaimer: I don't own anything from Halloween.\*\***

**\*\*Sorry for the long wait, I went through pregnancy and had a bad**

postpartum depression, so I just curled up in a ball till now.\*\*

\*\*So I know this story doesn't follow the movies, so I hope you guys still like it! :)\*\*

\*\*Ally\*\*

Kneeling down in the front yard of her home Ally pulled up a hand to rub at her now healing lip, flinching slightly when her gardening gloves aggravated the cut . It had been a week since the fight between her and Henry. She sighed heavily and then suddenly angry all over again Ally smashed her hands into the dirt and ripped at a stubborn weed that had rooted deeply. Working the gardening shovel to help her she grunted in frustration, when her hand caught hold of the root low in the dirt Ally grew fed up and pulled with all of her might. Suddenly the roots gave and she stumbled backwards and landed hard on her bottom with a shout losing the weed from her grip.

"Fuck me!" ,Ally got her legs under herself and stood to take a break and rub at her back side. When she turned around she found Michael just standing on the walk way to the house, just staring at her from behind that beat up clown mask.

"Oh, Michael I didn't know you were there. Did you come looking for Sylvie?" ,she asked a little breathlessly from the weed battle, but also because she hadn't known Michael was there or how long he had been watching her. When Michael didn't say anything but nodded she assumed that he was answering her later question and wanted Sylvie.

"Hunny she went to the park to play with Missy from school and a few other kids, Janet should be there." ,Ally went to fetch her shovel and take her gloves off. "I can walk yo-" , when she turned around Michael was already heading towards the park. She watched him for a while longer then turned back to look at the upturned mess she had made and found she had only managed to destroy one area for a single root.

\*\*Sylvie\*\*

"Please Marcy stop it I don't want to play anymore!" , Sylvie cried out with tears in her bright blue eyes. The four children that surrounded her around the swing set didn't budge though, Marcy stepped up and fluffed her dress before smirking at Sylvie.

"We just want to play a game Sylvie! We can't play at school anymore since you tattled on us for stealing Michael's backpack." , Marcy screwed up her face in anger before shoving Sylvie toward another girl. The other girl was Missy who laughed and grabbed at Sylvie snagging her dress and ripped on her blue dress before making Sylvie stumble into a boy by a bar of the swing set.

The boy caught Sylvie and pushed her off of him, the fourth child also a boy giggled when it happened, "good catch George!" The last boy squealed before he ran forward and got behind Sylvie while she lost her footing and landed his hands other back and pushed her again. Marcy suddenly yelled out, "wait Benny grab her."

Sylvie suddenly went down, her face smashed into the pole of the



swing set and cried out loudly in pain. She screamed and sat against the bar crying and holding her left cheek.

"Benny you idiot! She's going to tell!" George yelled out and smacked Benny across the back of his head. Benny grabbed at his head and rubbed his sore spot, "it's not my fault she didn't catch herself."

Missy suddenly yelled at them all to shut up before an argument started. Suddenly a rock came flying and clipped George on the arm and he yelped in pain, all the kids turned to see who had thrown it.

**\*\*Michael\*\***

When Michael had been told Sylvie was at the park with some school kids, he had immediately made his way to the park worried about her. When he made it to the fence he saw Janet flirting with some guy, all giggles and just, "...disgusting." Michael glared at Janet for a moment after his mumbling. He quickly moved his eyes to roam around Janet, panic setting in when he didn't see Sylvie.

When Michael heard a high scream from the swings he checked to see if Janet even cared, he almost growled when he noticed she didn't even take the time to glance around and look for Sylvie. Now running he made his way down a tiny slope to stop dead cold and see Sylvie on the ground cradling her face and crying, the other kids laughing.

In a rage Michael picked up the nearest item which happened to be a rock and threw it hard. It had missed slightly and instead of hitting George in the head it glanced his arm. When everyone turned and saw him he started running down and bent to grab a thick stick that was in his path on the way down. The kids screamed in a panic and ran away in any direction to get away from him. When he realized no one was staying to fight him, Michael ran straight to Sylvie and threw the stick beside him and fell to his knees behind her.

Quickly Michael grabbed Sylvie around the waist and pulled her to him, she must have instinctively knew it was him because she cried out his name and turned to hug him.

"Sylvie what happened, what did they do to you?" ,his voice was barely held in check with anger. He was holding it together barely, but he knew she needed him.

Sniffing loudly Sylvie looked up to tell Michael and her hair fell away from her face, in the quick moment Michael saw the quick forming bruise he released Sylvie. Quickly he grabbed the stick he had been holding and ran after the kids who had done this to his Sylvie.

**\*\*Missy\*\***

Hiding quickly Missy found herself behind some trees, nearly out of breath and wheezing. Quickly the other children found themselves all in the same area, far from the swings but still near the rest of the park.

"Benny you idiot, why did you push her like that!?" ,Missy was scared and angry. Michael was one thing at school, though outside he was the

one kid to run or hide from.

Benny turned with his face puffed up and red, "I didn't mean to I just wanted to do what you all had done, I swear it was an accident!" He was crying as he started to hyperventilate, before the others could say anything Benny was slammed to the ground. Everyone started screaming except Michael who jerked up and took his stick and started beating Benny with it. His head shoulders and back to most of the hits, the other three kids ran off screaming to their parents.

Benny cried out for help and used his hands to push himself to his side and use his arms to block some of the blows. Michael didn't say a word, didn't scream or hardly broke a sweat behind his mask. It seemed like forever before an adult came to rip Michael off of Benny. Benny's mom cried while she grabbed her sons body to her and screamed for help, parents were questioning Michael and demanding he speak.

**\*\*Michael\*\***

Ignoring everyone Michael only glared out from his masks eye holes till someone ripped his mask off. His face was blank, but his eyes held a rage, a rage so deep he wanted to know what it would be like to cut Benny like he did the animals he practiced on.

"Michael!" ,Sylvie had yelled out and came running down the slope. She avoided the adults and came to Michael's side and grabbed his hand in a death grip, tears still ran down her face and her bruise had swelled so bad on her left side that part of her eye had swollen too.

Michael saw how bad the bruise was and lunged for Benny again, only the adults grabbed him and held him back easily. The look he gave Benny was deadly and promised more pain.

**\*\*The End of a Childhood Friendship\*\***

The news had made a small story about a troubled Michael Myers. How Benny Marklov had been beaten up over an accident to one Sylvie Linn, while Michael had been taken in by the police for paralyzing Benny with a thick stick.

Michael had been taken to a youth detention center, to help him become a better person for society. Benny's parents had wanted Michael tried as an adult, but couldn't convince a judge to make it happen since Benny had begun to recover from being paralyzed. Though it had taken a month for Benny to start using his body again, he still had a limp. Though doctors were hoping for the best since he was still young and that being eight would give him a better chance for his body to try and fix itself.

**\*\*((No worries, it's not the end of the story. Just the end of their childhood and the start of those terrible teenage years.))\*\***

End  
file.